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Along the Spanish Coast of the Mediterranean.

January, 3, 1901.-To be in Tarragona and not to see the inside of its famous cathedral, would be like making the tour of Egypt and omitting the pyramids, or the Nile. Cathedrals are so common in Spain that to describe onetenth of them would consume years of time and a larger stock of patience than your scribe possess; but this of Tarra-gona is so unique and beautiful that it is impossible to gass it by without men-tion. Begun in the 12th century and the work continued for about three hundred plans of generations of architects and to make it one of the finest specimens in existence of the pure Gothic style. You approach the building by a long, steep flight of steps, which lead to a wide and deeply recessed doorway, flanked by two massive square piers, crowned by pinnacles and surmounted by a glorlous "rose" window. Around crowned by pinnacles and surmounted by a glorious "rose" window. Around these piers are a series of smail decorated arches, and just above them are corresponding niches for more than a score of Apostles and Prophets, each under a Gothic canopy. A number of the niches are vacant, which is accounted for by the tradition that the old Saints grow weary of standing so long in one position, and so, at the end of every hundredth year, one of them steps down and disappears. The interfor of the church is cruciform, with lofty nave and two aisles. The twenty enormous pillars that support the roof lofty nave and two aisles. The twenty enormous pillars that support the roof are swathed in superb old tapestries—the very same that once belonged to St. Paul's. In London, and were soid by Henry the Eighth, with a lot of other church furniture. There are splendid chapels, and rich windows of purple and orange glass, and tombs of heroes, and altar service worth a king's ransom; but the greatest wonder and curlosity about the old sanctuary is its carvings everywhere rich and exquisite in detail from the draperies of the Saints, wrought with utmost delicacy and minuteness, to the insects that seem to hang and actually wriggle among the intertwined leaves of the high altar. A multitude of artists made this carving the holy work of their lives, re-ligious conscientiousness expressed in every mark of the chisel. By reason of this, the cathedral cloisters are considered the most interesting in Spain. It not in the world. The entrance door is divided in the center by a pillar, carved from base to capital, and restng on a heap of twisted serpents, of such sinis ter and threatening appearance that you hesitate to pass them. Overhead appears the Adoration of the Magi, the symbols of the Evangelists, the three symbols of the Evangelisis, the three kings asleep in the same bed, comfortably nightcapped with their crowns), and a winged herald coming to awaken them to go on to Bethlehem—all so marvelously life-like that you can hardly believe they are only in stone or marble. Nearly every inch of surface in these cloisters is curiously and carefully

holding up their gowns and spilling the holy water, the sexton-mouse throwing way his trowel, mourners and under with ludicrously changed expression of countenances. The cloister garden are equally quaint, with Gothic arche cut and trimined from box and other shrubs, and great beds of myrtle and ivy trained into singular shapes. In its walls are embedded fragments of Roman sculpture, said to be portions of the temple of Augustus. In another angle is a Moorish arch of a Mihrab, or oratory, with a cufic inscription which states that it was made by Glafar, for Prince Abdalla Abdur-rahman,

carved. Besides legends of the Saints. Passion scenes, and historical events.

hunting scenes and even cock-fights are minutely portrayed. One of the quaint-

est represents a company of mice con-ducting the funeral of a cat, which is

borne on a bler. In front march priestly mice, in full canonicals, carrying the

sprinkling brush and holy water. Along-side walks the sexton-mouse, with a trowel to dig the grave, and the mourn-ers follow decorously, but with as lit-

ers follow decorously, but with as in-tle appearance of grief as might be ex-pected over the demise of the arch-enemy. The corpse of the cat is admir-ably carved and the expression on all

the faces is worth coming far to see. In

the second scene the cat, who has only

been shamming death, is springing from the bier, while the priestly mice.

"the servant of God-of the compas-sionate" in the year 960. After the cathedral, the next most interesting object in this neighborhood is the once famous Cistercan monaster is the once famous Cisterean monastery of Poblet, which nothing should induce you to omit, though it necessitates a railway journey of twenty miles or more. You go by the Leride line to Montblanch—passing on the way through Reus, a lively manufacturing the state of town of 30,000 inhabitants, in strong-

est possible contrast to stately Tarra est possible contrast to stately larragona. Reus is the great seat of the
manufacture of French imitation wines,
rincipally Chablis, Macon and very
poor champagne. It is the birth place
of the painter Fortuny, and also of
General Prim, the sword of whose African campaiers is preserved as a preclous relic in the town hall. Prim, you
remember, was made Conde, (count) de Reus, as a reward for his cold-bloode murder of monks at this place in 1833

A little further on you cross the Ribariver, on a fine, new iron bridge, and pass several cotton-factories grouped about La Riba station. Montblanch, near the footballs of the grand Sierra de Prades, is a decayed old moated own, with feudal walls towers and our gates, where the kings of Aragon held cortes in the middle gaes. Publet is several miles nearer the mountains ver the roughest apology of a road it a possible to conceive. You take a s possible to conceive. You take a artana, the only public vehicle of the egion, but find it advisable, out of ret to your bones, to walk most of way. A turtana is a springless, two-wheeled cart, resembling our emi reason of the rounding canvas cover-but with several important differences hese being merely an open frame work of rough poles nailed together, with no bottom but of knotted rones. You crawl into it from behind, through the circular hole in the canvas, and catch what glimpse you can of the scenery through this opening in the rear. The propeiling power is a mule, perhaps two or three of them hitched tandem, two or three of them hitched tandem, and never were seen such headstrong beasts since Balaam's day as the hardy, mountain-bred mules of Montblanch! At first ours refused to move at all, till after long suasion on the part of the driver in the way of shrieks and yells and cudgelling with clubs and. pelling with stones; and when at last he did conclude to start, it was with the unexpected velocity of a ball from a cannon's mouth and a tremendous lurch that nearly ended our earthly career. Head high in air, he galloped on, regardless of rocks and gui-lies and sloughs of mud, pitching us from end to end of the tartana, with our feet helplessly twisted through the open ropes beneath. When human naure could endure no more, we begged o be let out, which could only be accomplished by heading the mules straight in to a boulder, and we gladly paid the exorbitant price demanded. or the privilege of trudging behind on

Never have I seen such a melan-choly place as the old convent of Pob-let, which has stood since the year 1149, n a lonely hollow of the hills. ounded by venerable olive trees whose trunks are gnarled and twisted into fantastic shapes. This is the story of its foundation. In the time of the Moors, holy hermit named Poblet retired t his secluded spot to pray; but an mir, out hunting, discovered him and had him cast into prison. Angels came down from heaven, broke his chains and let him forth; but he was speedi-ly rearrested. After his miraculous release had been three times accom-I him all the territory of Hardeta, in ed him all the territory of Hardeta, in which the convent is situated. There he died, in a grass hut in the lonely gorge. When the Christians reconquered the country, in 1146, the body of Poblet was revealed by miraculous lights, in consequence of which Ramon Berenguer IV caused the great monasters, to be built on the snot and the tery to be built on the spot, and the holy bones interred within it. It beame the Escorial of Aragon-the buriai place of the Aragonese kings and afterwards of the Dukes of Cardona, Every succeeding monarch increased its regarding it not only in th light of a sacred religious shrine, but as his own last resting place. As the on either side of the choir, the living kings came hither, too, over mountain and moor for penitence and prayer, and lived for a time the austere con-ventual life. Thus, though no sover-eign ever actually assumed the cowl t Poblet, several left orders that their fligy should be twice represented on their monuments—ence in royal robes and again in the monastic habit. Five hundred monks of St. Bernard occupied, out did not fill, the magnificent buildings. Their domain became aimost boundless, their power absolute, their wealth beyond computing; their libra-ry the most famous in Spain-so large it was said a set of wagons, employed night and day a whole year, could not cart away all its books. As Poblet became the Spanish Westminster for kings and queens, other distinguished personages naturally desired to mingle their dust with that of royalty. Dukes and grandees of the first class were filed away, like moldy documents, in niches around the principal cloister,

where their tombs, less injured than

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anything else, form a most curious epitome of the history of Spanish se-pulchral decoration, Marquises and pulchral decoration. Marquises and counts, less honored in death as in life, had a cemetery assigned to them in had a cemetery assigned to them in the strip of ground surrounding the apse. Famous warriors were buried in the nave and ante-chapel. The bishops of Lerida and Tarragona, de-serting their own cathedral, had each their appointed portion of the transept; while the abbots of Poblet, far mightler than bishops, occupied the chapterlouse, where numbers of their veneraole effigies may still be seen been hastily covered over at the time of the invasion.

Gradually the monks of Poblet grew more and more exclusive. From five hundred, their number was reduced o sixty-six, and into that sacred circle no novice could come in whose veins ran other than the purest blood of the Spanish grandee. He who became a Spanish grandee. He who became a monk of Poblet had to prove his pedigree, and the chapter sat in solemn de-liberation upon his quarterings. Every mank had his two servants and rode upon a snow-white mule. The mules bred by the friars were sought through the whole peninsula and fabulous prices paid for them. Within the walls every variety of trade was represented, so that the convent became independent of the outer world, and no monk need look beyond his cloister for anything. Tailors, shoemakers, apothecaries, each had their wing or court. Hospitals were built close by for sick and ailing pilgrims, and beside them a palace or the sovereigns, who here sought the cure of their souls. The vast produce of the vineyards that depended upon Poblet was brought to the convent wine-presses, and was stowed away n its vast avenue of wine-vats.

in its vast avenue of wine-vats. "El Priorato," as it was called, became the most reputed of Spanish wines, and the ripes, the presses and the vats to this day remain almost entire. It was the same old story indicated by that significant clause in the prayer-book—"In all time of our prosperity, good Lord deliver us." As the power of the convent in-creased, the friars of Poblet, like autoeratic sovereigns, issued their commands, and the surrounding country had only to hear and obey. He who failed to attend the summons of the mass-bell must answer to the monks for his neglect. Rumon, which is known to have "a million feet but no known to have told of offending peasants who entered the convent gates and never came forth, and the monks became the bug-a-boo whispered by the lace-making mothers to frighten refractory children into subjection. Then came the wars of Don Carlos. Half the monks were royalists—half were Carlists; and when political dissensions arose within the mystic circle, the Carlist monks, believing themselves oppressed and mut-tering vengeance, whispered abroad tales of secret dungeons and hidden tor-ture. Public curiosity became excited. Finally the convent doors were broken in by night and the townfolk, streaming through court and cloister, reached the dungeon which had been designated-where, sure enough, as may today be seen-the dreaded rack and other lustruments of torture were found, and beneath it a pit filed with human bones. Then the avenging cry was "Destroy!" Twenty-four ours was insisted upon by the authorities, to give the friars a chance for safety. They escaped, but only with their lives. Poblet, beautiful Poblet, was left in all its perfection and incom-putable riches. Every weapon of destruction was pressed into service by the avengers. Picture, shrine, tomb andfresco fill alike under the destroying nammer, till exhausted with devasta tion, the frantic mob set fire to the glorious sacristy, while the inestimable manuscripts of the library, piled heap

on heap, were consumed to ashes. Today violence and vengeance are written on every stone. The vast walls, the mighty court, the endless cloisters. look as if the shock of a terrible earth-quake had passed over them. There is no soothing veretation, no ivy, no flowers in neglected gardens, and the very beauty and delicacy of the frag-ments of sculpture, which remain in the rifled walls where they are too high up for the spoller's hands, only make stronger contrasts with the yawning wounds where sections of stone were violently torn away and where marble pillars lie dashed to atoms on the ground. An English ruin, softened and mellowed by time, fading and crumb-ling by gradual and gentle decay, can give no idea of this. It might all be fresh and perfect now, but is the most utterly ruined ruin than can exist—the very abomination of desolation. The approach to the great religious house is first indicated by a tall stone cross rising on a lofty pedestal, stained with golden lichen and with myrtle and len-tisch growing in the hollows of its gray uncanny group of saintly figures in stone, standing aloft amid a solitary grove of pillars at a cross-way-marking the afternoon walk of the friars. Hence an avenue, with broken stone benches at intervals on either side, leads up to the convent walls. But there is no entrance here—only a great stone basin, overhung with ferns and water plants, a clear sparkling moun-tain torrent murmuring by its side, Passing around the walls for a great distance, you come at last to the ancient gateway, where are the remains of a series of frescoes which tell the story of the Moorish invasion. At the story of the Moorish Invasion. At the right is the little decorated chapel of St. George, in which nothing is left but the figures but the figures of one warrior and the avenging agel. Directly you come to another chapel, windowless and grass-grown; then to the great hospital reduced to a mere shall pital, reduced to a mere shell.
FANNIE B. WARD.

Astonaded the Editor. Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., was once immensely surprised. Through long suffering from Dyspersia," he writes, "my wife was great-ly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried. Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and, after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite. Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 55c at Z. C. M. J. Drug Dent.

KIDNAPPERS PRESENT TOUGH PROBLEMS

How They Have Been Dealt With in Various Ages :-Some of the Clever Plots That Lost and Won-What Roman Emperors Did Under Trying Circumstances - Some Famous Modern Instances and a Few Secrets of the Kidnapper's Nefarious Business.

The captive's guardian, a mer-

Grecian frontie

chant of great wealth, at once forward,

ed the demanded amount, together with

liberal extras in case his ward should be in need of traveling funds; but by

bad luck one of the guides had informed

a commander of Grecian frontieguards, who saw a chance to achiev

international reward. And so, while a party of citizens, with ranson

and refreshments, were tolling u

the south side of the mountain range, a rifle-armed commando hurried

up the north side, and contrived to get the start of the civilians.

The leader of the Kleptol had been in

formed that his terms would be ratified that day, and at the sight of the cari-biniers his men stepped forth in a hest-

a hailstorm of bullets, and in their rage at what they considered a breach of

faith the survivors of the volley stab

bed their young prisoner to the heart, before snatching up their bundles and rushing down the cliffs like panthers.

"Barbarity? oh, heavens, we treated him like a prince," wailed one of the mounted brigands: "curtailed our ra-tions to let him eat his fill, and took off

our shawls to keep him warm last

FLOURISHING INDUSTRY IN

ITALY.

In the mountains of southernmos

Italy kidnapping is still a flourishing industry, and in King Murat's time was the almost invariably preliminary

of a "forced loan," as the brigands called their extortions, The French gen-

darmes guarded every village, scaring

the bushwhackers back to the thickets

of the highlands, and the presence of

he foreigners rather encouraged the

village magnates to resist blackmall, out the capture of a youngster g nerally

smoothed the way to negotiations. There was no end to the foxy tricks

of the nappers; they would send down a woman or a boy of their own as a de-coy, or watch the habits of playing children for days before arranging their

plan of operations. Parents, finding a child missing were never seriously

plarmed for its safety, and only won-lered with what minimum of extor-

tion they could contrive to get off this time. Go-betweens were always ready

to offer their services, but in 1811 the French rangers got wind of a proposed

compromise of that sort and prepared to tackle the kidnappers in their

stronghold, some fifteen miles east of Torre del Lobo, in the Apulian High-

lands. Reinforcements of troopers were hurried to the spot, and in their fright

the parents of the hostage adopted the astonishing plan of sending private messengers to put the brigands on their

ience they supposed the cavaliers of the wilderness would retreat a

few dozen miles further moun-tainward, and be gentlemanly enough to return their host-age by roundabout trails as soon as

they had received the first installment

DOUBLE RACE AGAINST TIME.

An accident, however, led to unfor-

seen complications, Happening to over-

the young prisoner took fright, and by dint of extravagant promises, bribed a young camp follower to aid in plan-ning his escape. They were too closely watched that first day, but in the con-

fusion of a nocturnal retreat were left unguarded for a few seconds. Their chance had come, and without a mo-

ment's hesitation they plunged side-ways into the thicket, relying on luck to make their way to the foothills, where they could already see the ad-

vancing torches of the military rescu-

The leader of the brigands, however

did not lose his head, and instantly scattered scouts to intercept the flight

of the deserters. An exciting chas-followed, a double race against time

the fugitives rushing down hill, regard less of obstacles, and the bandits strain

ing every herve to head them off, or scare them sideways at least, for the troopers, too, had guessed the turn of events by that time and came charging

uphill at a double quick. An encounter would promptly have settled the fat-

would promptly have settled the fate of the outlaws, who had to keep under cover while their adversaries availed themselves of every clearing, and could rally stragglers by bugle signals. That twofold advantage decided the fortune of the day, or, rather, of the night. Seeing help fast advancing, the young deserters had the good sense to stick to the first convenient hiding place and keep dead still till the rescuers had interposed between them and their pur-

terposed between them and their pur-

TIGHT BARGAINS OF BRIGANDS.

They were carried home in triumph, amidst strains of bugle music, mingled with the occasional whiz of a rifle ball; but the sequal of the episode (mentioned among the curlosities of the causes celebros) is at least equally strange. A father of the reserved had went to con-

father of the rescued lad went to considerable trouble to ascertain the where-abouts of the brigands, and of his own accord hald them a liberal indemnity, in addition to the stipulated loan, "feel in sure that otherwise some act of vendetta would affect the survival chances of his family."

The brigands, indeed, had vowed ven-

Young flaryatinski was less lucky.

What the Circassians did with him has never been clearly ascertained, but it

s known that they treated him as well as their scant resources would permit, till their leaders lost all hope of getting their terms accepted. His father, though

anti-Dreyfusards would say.

of their "loan.

tating manner, but were greeted

granning and a second manner and a second manner and

In the memoirs of Leigh Hunt there is | while they held their employer for rana pretty story about a gulleless young lady who traveled 100 miles to have an interview with the philosopher, De Quincey, the "English Opium Eater," and after a preamble, suggesting a novel and important communication, advised him to abstain from the baleful drug altogether.

"It would have made him laugh horribly," says the chronicler, "if he had not also felt so much like crying."

With similar emotions the relatives of kidnapped children most often receive the exhortation to become public bene-factors and discourage a satanic enterprise by wholly ignoring the overtures of the plotters, writes F. L. Oswald in the Cincinnati Enquirer. The adoption of that plan would, indeed, be a test of public spirit in a form that was considered a moral potent even among the stern republicans of ancient Rome.

RANKS NEXT TO MURDER. The combination of child stealing and blackmail ranks next to murder in the scale of felonies, but the combinator

also knows that his menace is harder to | night."

resist than almost any other threat. There is not a prominent politician or successful business man in Europe or America who has not learned to scorn personal intimidations. Baroness Hirsch, newly married, burst out sobbing when she happened to get hold of a blackmailing note, coupled with horrible threats of murder and arson

"We are lost, we are lost," she wailed, wringing her hands, All you lost is the time you wasted on reading that screed." laughed he husband: "how many such love letters do you suppose I get in a year? In pigeon holes would not hold them if

the rest as literary curiosities. Banker Perrier went even further and would treat his clerks to a farce mat-inee by getting a comedian to read an assortment of those blood-and-thunder

didn't burn about nine tenths and file

missives in public,
"W-o-o-o-oe, —," in a sort of whoa,
Emma, drawl—"wooe be the day when you decide to reject one ultimatum; the corridors of the palace, built with your ill-gotten wealth, shall run with blood till the overflow stains the streets, and passers-by shall shudder to witness the doom of rapacity, coupled with

ANSWERING THREATS.

Count Adelbert Bulow, a cousin of the Austrian statesman, one day found his gate plastered with anarchist manifestos, warning him to keep away from the "Frankenhausen Forest," where several members of the secret junta had recently been arrested for poaching. Without a moment's hesitation the old real estate magnate rode to town and instructed a printer to post several hundred counter proclamations, informing all whom it might concern that every Saturday and Wednesday after-noon Count B. could be found in the game park known as the Frankenhausen Forest.

rebellious robber knights as fast as he could catch them, but when they captured his two young sons the fron-fisted reformer suddenly relaxed his grip on the sword of justice and opened nego-

He also released three of his most mutinous prisoners and entreated them to mediate. Pardon? Oh, certainly: nay, a liberal proof of his personal af-fection if they would only manage to bring back his youngsters alive. No questions to be asked: no legal proceedings on account of incidental maltreatment of the hostages; bring them back alive and uncrippled, that's all. One of the ex-jail birds did manage the job, after his employer's propositions had been recorded in the form of a signed contract, and the champion of reform never drew sword again till his sons had been made comfortable in an nscrutable hiding place. King Pedro, of Aragon, it is true, de-led a Moorish chief who had caught his

son in an ambuscade, but the Emir bid-ed his time, and a few months after could dictate his own terms of peace. METHODS OF ROMAN EMPERORS,

The Roman emperors understood that advantage so well that their courts swarmed with hostages, and Mohammed II, after his conquest of the Byzanthine empire, established a special "House of Pages," where the sons of Grecian and Servian princes were educated at his expense, with precautions that made escape practically impossi-ble. The famous Skanderberg had been educated in that way, till he slipped on a broken parole, and Arminius, the lib-erator of Germany, took his first Latin grammar lesson in a hostage college, In their first outburst of wrath choler ic potentates occasionally rejected the terms of a kidnapper, but in the long run parental affection nearly always prevailed, and it is more than probable that the father of Charley Ross was on the point of yielding, when, for some reason or other, the communications of the blackmailers suddenly ceased. The most plausible theory is Judge Vansittar's that the sleuths of the law got so close on their track that they had to stances making it difficult or impossible they killed him to make him disappear at short notice. Several years after, the all round desperado, Mosher, with an unknown companion, was killed in an attempt at midnight burglary, and as he breathed his last, his dying accomtlance posse: "Gentlemen, you would be sorry if you knew whom you killed:

o send him back."
Negotiations had, indeed, never been

broken off altogether, and, though the result did frighten would-be kidnappers for years to come, it is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Ross deliberately sacrificed his son rather than establish a perilous precedent.

AUTHORITIES NOT ALWAYS HELPFUL.

The fact is that his friends and the Philadelphia police worked at cross-purposes, a number of blackmail letters were answered in good faith, but the moment one of the kidnappers ventured forth to ratify the bargain, he was scared back by a glimpse of lurking detectives. There were two rewards a-going-one for the safe return of the child, with or without a word of explanation, and the other for the capture of

A tragedy under very similar circum-A tragedy under very similar stances occurred in the mountains of Northern Greece a few years ago. Klatol (thieves), as the band of wandering outlaws frankly call themselves, captured a traveling young Englishman with his guides, and released the guides.

NEWS: SATURDAL. But the second commander in the second ery kopek of his salary to keep his had begged his way out of a military college, and by special favor of the war partment was allowed to join his fa-er's staff, and for a few months made himself useful enough to become the pet of the camp. Promotions followed in rapid succession, without ever being grudged by growlers, but Nemesis lurked in the defile, where his command was routed with fearful loss and all but the best horsemen of the fugitives overtaken and slain or captured.

CZAR TO THE FRONT.

Young Baryatinski was taken alive and, somehow or other the highlanders ascertained his pedigree and offered to release him without ransom if his fapendence of the country seat of the El-The brave old soldler went almost | that month.

The Circussians, however, stuck to their original proposition, which before long was supplemented by a message with the ominous remark that their "chiefs had agreed to wait one other month, but no longer."

change young B, for a veteran Shekh who had fallen into the hands of the

cossacks and was now awaiting cand in the fort of Odessa.

month, but he longer.

In the desperate hope of retrieving his vantage by force of arms Prince Baryatinski ordered a simultaneous at the aget and west side. Baryatinski ordered a simultaneous at-tack upon the east and west sides of the rebel strongholds, but found their aula deserted, and of a dozen messengers and white-flag bearers sent on the track of the retreating foe only one returned with the laconic reply that "the month of grace had expired

And so, almost doubtless, had the not son of Prince Baryatinski, for whom all uthern Russia went into mourning

ROME HAS NO SANTA CLAUS

Christmas Trees and Reproductions of the Holy Manger Instead.

s so clear to the wise observer as the different ways of celebrating Christmas. The old way uses images, The new does not. And the presepio and the Christmas tree are emblematic of the two systems of religion which now, after the lapse of centuries, meet Rome, says the Chicago News, 'I preseplo is a reproduction of the stable of Bethlehem where Jesus Christ was born. There, in a rocky cavern, are wax images, often as large as life, of the virgin mother and the child; of Jo seph, the shepherds and the magi, while other images of placid cows and wise donkeys, the natural inhabitants of the

stable, filled up the scene, The Christmas tree has no images, not even the German Christ child on the top, but its green, aromatic branches are laden with yellow oranges, with silvered balls and strings, of gilt paper, with lighted candles, red, white and green, the colors of Italy, and with flakes or mimic snow. The Sunday schools of the evangelical churches in Rome generally have a churches in Rome generally have a Christmas tree not only beautiful to see, but laden with gifts that make the hearts of the little ones sing for joy. Nearly all of the Roman Catholic churches have a presepto, but the most splendid is that of the church of Ara Colli on the historic Campidaglia. There Colli on the historic Campidoglio. There the Madonna holds in her lap the wondrous Bambino Gesu, a dark com-plexioned wooden doll dressed in gold and silver tissue stuff and covered from head to foot with precious stones. It is believed by the pop-It is believed by the pop-ulace to have miraculous heal-ing power, and is often car-ried in a grand carriage to the sick.

The present is on the left of the entrance after you climb the long stone staircase that leads up the hill. Wherever in the smaller churches there is a modest preseplo, the mothers gather and urge their little ones to recite their hymns of praise to the Ma-donna and the Child. But to the divine Child alone are the hymns and songs addressed, which are repeated by the children around the Christmas tree. Some time in Christmas week, not al-

was on Christmas eve, these visions of light and beauty entrance the children in the Waldensian, the Methodist, the Baptist and the other Italian evangelical churches. And not only the chil-dren, but the mothers and the fathers come to celebrate the "peace on earth, good will to men." Then is sung the beautiful hymn written by Alessandro Manzoni, set to a melody even more beautiful than the words sung by mar-tyrs and confessors of the persecuted churches since the year 1535,

Christmas eve is a family festival, where old and young of three or four generations meet at a supper of fish, eels, nuts, cakes and fruit or vegetables. No meat is permitted, as this is what is called eating magro, but it is none the less a full meal. It is followed next day the sumptuous dinner, graced necessarily by a fat capon, and ended by pan giallo, a sort of coarse nut and fruit cake. Roman children receive no gifts on Christmas day. They have no legendary Santa Claus, with snow-covered cap and fur and bells, who comes down the chimney to fill their stockings with long-desired gifts. Their ideal is La Befano, an ugly but I

No sign of the coming change in Italy | very benevolent old woman, who brings them dolls, trumpets, little sweets and marbles on the night before Epiphany. As the wise men of the E brought gold, frankincense and as gifts to the Madonna and the the Romans consider that Epiph the time to give gifts instead of This is a materialistic view beautiful custom, very different that of the Protestant church, selects Christmas day for its obse

The people who serve you at how the baker, the milkman, the grocer, washwoman, the carpet-beaters. postman, etc., are willing to retheir mancle, a small gift of money. Christmas day. They expect it it and, figuratively, one holds a regular vee, purse in hand, until the proces Very often there is an interchanged

gifts and pleasant words. The sends you a cake of pan giallo grocer nuts and Malaga raising wine merchant a bottle of rare old and they know they lose nothing by remembrance. Services are held at midnight in

the Roman Catholic churches on Ch mas eve. The most elaborate of the ceremonies is held, of course, in the silica of Santa Maria Maggior the Santa Culla, or holy cradle, in our Savior was carried into Egypt generally kept in a magnificfient reli quary six feet high, adorned with b reliefs and statuettes in silver in first chapel on the left of the church

To Save Her Child

From frightful disfigurement Mra Nannie Galleger, of LaGrande, Ga., ap-plied Bucklen's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes It works wonders in Sores, Bruise, Skin Eruptions, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Cure guaranteed by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

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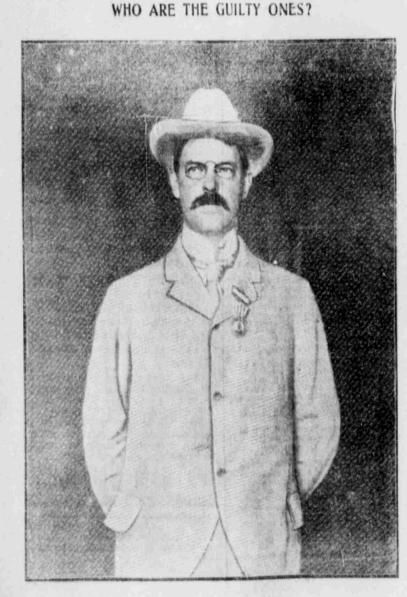
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Lewis Nixon, who designed the Oregon, now has designs on the evildeers of New York. He, as one of the Purification committee appointed by Richard Croker to inquire into the charge that vice flourishes unopposed in Gotham, has made the statement that a combination of black waiters are getting money from the gamblers and keepers of evil resorts, and that Tammany Hall never handled a penny of this money. Nixon promises as a final blast to give the names of the men who compose this combination. He says they are not connected in any way with Tammany Hall. Who are they? New York awaits in amazement the possibility of Nixon's revelation proving the existence of a worse evil than even the known ones.